

Facts, Fiction, Fashions and Features of Interest to Women

The Marriage Mill

By Mildred K. Barbour.
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RAGE.

When Mrs. Osborne and Jane finally rose to go, Allison was not sorry and her murmured protests were far from sincere.

The visit had not been a success. Jane had insisted upon seeing the remainder of the apartment and had done so under Lawrence's guidance. Allison felt that she could not accompany them and listen to Jane's criticisms.

Her mother-in-law had lingered behind, saying that she would examine everything some other time. "I want to talk to you, Allison, some time soon about a number of things. Can you come to lunch one day next week? I would rather Jane were not present. How about Wednesday? Her bridge club meets that afternoon."

Allison accepted, wondering and not a little fearful of her mother-in-law's invitation. That she should have anything to divulge apart from the inseparable Jane seemed ominous.

"I hope it is nothing serious or unpleasant," she said with an attempt at lightness.

"It is serious enough, but very natural," her mother-in-law assured her with one of her infrequent smiles. "You have a nice little home here. I hope you and Laurie will be happy."

Allison looked about her with the first feeling of dissatisfaction she had felt toward her new home. Her mother-in-law's patronizing tone and Jane's frank criticism had given her new vision and a few doubts. She wondered if the place was really as dainty and fresh and artistic as she had tentatively believed it to be.

"That kitchen is a joke!" Jane's energetic voice broke in on her thoughts. "Why, Allison, anyone would know you were an inexperienced bride. Look at this stage kitchen. No maid will ever keep such light colors clean or neat. They will be soiled and unpleasant in no time. Why didn't you have it done in dark green or peacock blue?"

Allison shuddered.

"I hate those billous shades," she protested. "besides they only hide the dirt—they don't prevent it. No, I'll be dainty and sanitary at all costs."

"Of course, you know a great deal more than I who have only been keeping house twenty years," remarked Jane sarcastically. "Well, if you insist on such delicate colors, be sure to have the maid go over everything with ammonia water twice a week."

"I'll tell her—when I get her," Jane started.

"Are you doing the housework yourself?"

Mrs. Osborne beamed.

"I think that's splendid of you, Allison. I have told Jane I thought a maid was a foolish extravagance for just you two children."

Allison looked up coldly.

"I am certainly not doing the housework nor have I any intention of doing it. Laurie and I have been taking our meals at mother's. Her maid has little to do and does not mind the extra work. But I have a splendid girl engaged to come the 15th."

Mrs. Osborne drew her furs around her with the air of one who abandons another as hopeless, but Jane said:

"You're lucky. I hope she proves a treasure—though one has to pay for treasures nowadays."

"It's Larry's money. He can afford to be happy."

"Returned Allison.

"Laurie won't have any money to afford if you keep up at this rate." Jane sent back the retort over her shoulder as she started down the stairs. "Good-by. Come and see us soon."

Back in the living room with the door closed behind her in-laws, who had departed in the company of Lawrence, Allison threw herself onto the chaise longue and buried her head in the rose pillows.

She was fighting back the ungovernable anger which threatened to sweep away her self-possession. She wanted to scream and bite and dig her nails into her flesh. Memory of the faint bruise on Larry's cheek where she had struck him suddenly calmed her.

To be Continued.

DIFFERENT TYPES OF HATS BRING OUT THE VARIOUS CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN



Hats suited to the type: top left and right, below; second on the right, entirely unsuitable, and right above, slightly better adapted.

Children's Sunrise Stories

By Howard R. Garis
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UNCLE WIGGLY'S WHITE HAT.

"Uncle Wiggly, I wish you would," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzz, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as he stood in the doorway of the hollow stump bungalow.

"Well, I don't want to, and, though I hate to hurt your feelings, I must say I don't intend to do it," spoke Uncle Wiggly, firmly though politely.

"Oh, I wish you would! It's so stylish like," went on the muskrat lady. "Think how nice you'd look!"

"All the animal boys would be making fun of me," said the bunnies.

"What is it you want him to do, Nurse Jane?" asked Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady, who had come over to borrow a thimbleful of molasses to make a chocolate cake.

"I want Uncle Wiggly to wear a white hat," said Miss Fuzzy Wuzz. "All the best animal gentlemen in Woodland are wearing them, and they are becoming to rabbits."

"A white hat would make me look like a clown in the circus," said Uncle Wiggly. "Besides, I haven't any to wear."

"That's no excuse," laughed Nurse Jane. "You could take one of your old, tall, silk hats and color it white with some of the stuff I use on my white shoes."

"Oh, that would be just the thing!" quipped Mrs. Wibblewobble. "I must see if I can get Wilby, my duck husband, to wear a white hat. Do try it, Uncle Wiggly. You'd look so fine and be so easy to find in the dark when you go to the moving pictures."

"No!" cried the bunnies, and so Nurse Jane couldn't make him wear a tall, white hat, the bunnies skipped over the fields and through the woods. He was wearing his tall, black hat and he had his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch under his paw.

Uncle Wiggly's pink nose twinkled like a cinnamon bun and he did not think, every other minute, about Nurse Jane.

"I don't like to disappoint her, but I can't wear a white hat," said the bunnies. "My friends would think I was trying to be a politician or act proudlike. No! No! It can't be done."

Uncle Wiggly hopped on a bit farther, and he was wondering what so adventures he might have when, all of a sudden, he heard a sad voice saying:

"Dear me, I don't see how I'm ever going to get it done! And, if I can't go playing with the other fellows!"

"That sounds like sadness and trouble," said Mr. Longears to himself.

He looked around the corner of the three and four cent lollypop bush, and there he saw Billy Wagtail, the goat boy, standing beside a pail near a fence.

"What's the matter, Billie?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"Oh, I have a whitewash over me," bleated Billie in answer, "and it isn't any fun. Besides, I've lost the handle to the whitewash brush, and if I go off in the woods to get another it will take me so long I can't play ball with the other boys."

"That is too bad," said kind Uncle Wiggly. "I couldn't think of it. Billie, I can help you."

"How?" asked the goat chap.

"Well, I can let you take my red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch as a handle for your whitewash brush," went on the bunnies.

"Oh, that will help a lot!" cried Billie. The brush, without a handle, was on the ground near the pail of whitewash, which was like water full of milk. Uncle Wiggly's crutch just fitted in the hole in the brush, and, as the bunnies' rheumatism wasn't bad that day, he didn't need the crutch very much.

Billie dipped the long-handled crutch brush in the pail of whitewash, and began to decorate the fence, while Uncle Wiggly stood watching. Billie whitewashed about a board and a half, and then, all at once, some voices cried:

"Can't you, Billie, and play ball?"

"Can't you, Billie, and play ball?" the goat boy answered.

"Oh, skip along and play ball," said good-natured Uncle Wiggly. "I'll whitewash the fence for you, Billie."

"Oh, thank you!" bleated the goat boy, and he handed Uncle Wiggly the brush. Mr. Longears, after the animal boys had run away to play ball, stirred the whitewash in the pail, and then he began to decorate the fence. He did it very well, too, and when he finished the last board, he accidentally knocked his tall black silk hat into the pail of whitewash.

"Oh, my!" laughed the bunnies. "Now I have a white hat whether I want one or not. Well, I'll wear it home. It will please Nurse Jane."

So he finished the fence, and put the pail and brush away. Then with his rheumatism crutch, which was now white like his hat, the bunnies started for home.

He had not gone very far before, all of a sudden, as he passed a huckleberry bush, out popped the bad old Pip.

"I want souse! I want souse!" began the Pip, and then he suddenly stopped. "Oh, excuse me, Mr. Whitewash, polar bear," cried the Pip.

"I didn't know it was you, I beg your pardon!" and away the Pip ran, not bothering the bunnies at all.

"Well! Well! Think of that!" laughed Mr. Longears, as he hopped home. "With my white hat and my white crutch and splashed with white as I am, one Pip took me for the polar bear, of whom he is much afraid. I guess white hats aren't so bad after all." And Nurse Jane was glad when her bunnies friend wore his white hat to the pictures that night.

And if the lemon pie doesn't roll down hill to play hop scotch with the sidewalk scooter and leave the clothes horse to jump off the back stool at all alone, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly's white trousers.

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What's in a Name?

By Mildred Marshall.

ZOE.

One of the oldest feminine names in the history of etymology is Zoe, signifying "life." It had frequent usage in Biblical records and was a favorite in ancient Greece, but its vogue diminished during the Middle Ages and it has been revived only comparatively recently. It is regarded as being as old as Eve and is generally translated as "the mother of all living."

The Alexandrian Jews first used the name of Zoe when they translated the history of the first woman and gave her the title of Zoe instead of Eve. In order to show the connection of the name with the prophecy, it continued in vogue among the Greeks and came into fashion again in England with the revival of classic names.

Just why it has become a favorite in recent years is impossible to determine, unless its significance and the ancient associations, as well as the shortness and undoubtedly pleasing sound may be taken as sufficient reason.

Jade, the Chinese emblem of life, is a fitting talisman for Zoe. It is believed to bring her health, wealth and happiness. Particularly will it protect her from contagion and death by accident. Tuesday, her lucky day and 3 her lucky number.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she isn't worrying a bit over the coal shortage, as they have steam in their house.

The Head Nurse Says:

TOO PURITANICAL.

By far, is the regime in America which actually jeopardizes the health of the nation by refusing to recognize the need to establish public comfort stations under government or State control. We prate about the training of the individual to habits of health and then ignore as "not quite nice" the physical means of creating a genuinely healthful atmosphere.

If it were possible to continue our business life in this country of provincial notions without comfort stations we might be able to look the world in the face and say, "Well, what we can not have we will do without." But instead we depend on private enterprise to take care of our public hygiene. The department store whose equipment should be wholly at the disposal of its patrons takes care of thousands of persons in the large cities who would otherwise have to remain within the four walls of their homes.

The railway stations are unable to minister to the needs of the traveling public because it must open its doors to the transients at home. The saloon with all its objectionable features made it possible for thousands of working men to go about their daily tasks. Now these are closing.

What are we going to do about it? Are we capable of looking the question right between the eyes and refusing to be a nation of ostriches? Will the press, the women's clubs, and the State legislatures start the ball rolling now or must we await a more enlightened generation which will consider any health equipment a "nice thing to have?"

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Virginia Episcopal School Full.

Lynchburg, Va., Sept. 22.—Virginia Episcopal School began work Tuesday with an enrollment of 125 boys. A number of applications were turned away because of the lack of dormitory space.

Fashionable Nancy



The clever wrap that you see here, is almost sure to make it. That Dolman coats, without exception. This year will prove Nancy's selection. It has—as you will gladly note Soft gray opossum at the throat.

Daily Horoscope

Mercury and Mars are in strongly benefic aspect today, according to astrology. Uranus is in a faintly friendly position.

This should be an unusually favorable planetary government for the signing of leases or agreements, since it presages harmony between the parties to any written contract.

Publicity of every sort is fortunately directed at this time. Newspapers should benefit surprisingly. There is the forecast of some sort of a diplomatic message regarding war or military matters, which is most promising for the future.

The stars have foretold that domestic customs will change perceptibly in the next decade, and they now prophesy that a movement to overcome the gregariousness of recent years will be marked in the next year.

A leader whom women will follow to gain great power in guiding reforms in small things that have large influence, it is prophesied. In politics many party dissensions and schisms seem to be foreshadowed. One of these will endanger a State supposed to be safe for one of the great parties.

In Washington, D. C., Jupiter rising would give a happy augury for government affairs if it were not for the malign power of Uranus. This planet is in an aspect denoting attacks on rulers of every rank and is not so fortunate for the President, governors and mayors as it might be. The President, however, has come into a place where he can expect the best conditions.

Turn near the cusp of the second house in square to Mars denotes a possible panic in Wall Street and a temporary depreciation of securities. As the market advances the market will become steadier.

Forest fires may be serious during October. Care toward their prevention is enjoined.

Persons whose birthday it is have the forecast of rather a quiet birthday. They should conserve their strength for important tasks. Children born on this day will probably be exceedingly talented, but business success may depend largely on the hour of birth.

Sister Mary's Kitchen

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The housekeeper who does her own pickling will save herself a little money and a few trips to the corner grocery during the winter months. A simple dinner without a salad, often toned up and given point if an attractive plate of pickles is added.

GHEKINS.

100 small pickles.
VINEGAR (SOUR).
1 cup salt.
2 quarts boiling water.
VINEGAR (SOUR).
1 gallon vinegar.
2 sticks cinnamon.
2 tablespoons brown sugar.
1 teaspoon mustard seed.

Wash pickles. Make a brine by dissolving salt in boiling water. Pour the hot brine over the cucumbers packed in a stone jar and let stand over night. Drain. At this stage the pickles may be put into alum water and allowed to stand over night. Alum keeps the fresh green color, drains out the alum water. Put into the vinegar. Bring to the boiling point. Pack in sterilized jars, cover with boiling vinegar and seal.

Green tomato chopped pickles make a "fancy" accompaniment for ham at luncheon.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.
1 peck green tomatoes.
2 onions.
1 small head cabbage.
2 heads celery.

Wash tomatoes and cut in slices. Put a layer of tomatoes in a crock. Sprinkle with salt. Add alternate layers of salt and tomatoes. Let stand over night. In the morning wash and drain. Chop with other vegetables. Put in preserving kettle. Cover with vinegar. Add:
2 cups sugar.
1 tablespoon cloves.
1 tablespoon cinnamon.
1 tablespoon allspice.

The spices in a cheese-cloth bag. Cook until the vegetables are tender. Put into sterilized jars and seal.

Ripe cucumber pickles are very good to serve with a salad as their spiciness is a little unusual.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLES.
12 ripe cucumbers.
2 teaspoons powdered alum.
2 pounds sugar.
2 tablespoons whole cloves.
2 tablespoons stick cinnamon.
1 tablespoon salt.

Cut cucumbers in quarters lengthwise then in thirds. Dissolve alum in one quart water. Heat slowly to boiling point and then let stand on the back of the stove two hours. Drain and chill in cold water. Tie spices in a bag and add to syrup made of vinegar, sugar and salt. Add cucumbers and cook ten minutes. Put cucumbers in a stone jar and pour over syrup. Drain and scald syrup three successive mornings. The pickles can be covered and kept in a stone jar or put in cans and sealed.

Now that the canning season is practically over the price of sugar has fallen.

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